

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF  
**SWEDISH  
EROTICA**  
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS  
T.M.

Non-Violent

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

# 68 Page Special!

TWO MAGAZINES IN ONE

23



**A Hot Exciting Double-Issue of foxy California girls and  
big slick dudes, just for your own private enjoyment!**









#### AH, for the life of a surfer!

Riding the waves all afternoon, then coming into the beach to see what tempting little morsels are out sunning their smooth little bodies . . . just waiting for a bronzed cocksman to provide an evening's entertainment. The hot pussies that decorate the sand in their skimpy bikinis go for the surfer type, the blonde Adonis with a hard-on in his jams. Don't think the girls don't watch the guys surfing. The sight of a muscular young stud, a free spirit riding the breakers on his pointed board, really turns the chicks on, and their cunts are liquid with desire before the guy even comes ashore. The surfer in this magazine tried his old trick for meeting a babe: "Can I use your towel, beautiful?" was his come-on line . . . and it worked. The girl was tongue-kissing before they left the sand, and by the time they got to the beach-house his wealthy buddy lets him use free of charge, that beautiful mouth was curling around his hard cock. Kneeling, she pulled down his swim trunks and sucked him off, then practically begged him for a fuck.

Naked and suntanned, the two young bodies romped on the tile floor of the huge dressing room in the plush beach house. They never even got to the bedroom! His thick cock sank deeply into her tight, wet pussy . . . completing a perfect day of surfing and sex!

# "SURF'S UP!"

## AND SO IS THE SURFER!!



Mitchell came out of the water with a hard-on! Toting his surfboard, he strode over the hard-packed wet sand, eyes riveted on the shapely brunette before him. She lay on a blanket, spread on the dry sand, baking her back in the warm

sun. By the time he got up to her, he could see that his appraisal was correct. Even from out there in the breakers, surveying the shore from his standing position on his board, Mitch could tell the brunette was a fine piece of ass.

"Borrow your towel?" he asked cheerfully.

"Huh? The girl looked up, her mouth falling open with surprise, but suddenly she brightened. In a flash, Mitchell knew something about her. She'd been surveying the guys too, checking them out as they rolled in on their surfboards, and



**THE CHICK IN  
THE BIKINI  
GAVE HIM A  
HARD-ON.**

---

now she was recognizing one of the dudes she'd taken a shine too. "Forgot my towel," he said. "Mind if I dry off with yours?" "S-sure," the girl said, blushing noticeably as she rose and handed him a towel.



**WHEN SHE  
DOFFED HER  
TOP, HE  
CUDDLED HER  
BOUNCING  
BREASTS.**

---

He noticed that she glanced down once at his crotch, reddened a little more and then brought her eyes up to his as he made good use of her towel on his face and across his back. He knew his peg was standing at attention, tenting out the front of his soaking-wet jams. Mitch didn't mind, figuring a good look at the size and shape of his dork might get the chick hankering for a fuck. "They call me Mitch," he said. "How do they call you?"



**"OH! I NEVER  
KISSED A GUY'S  
COCK BEFORE!"**

---





**HE SAT ON THE  
BENCH,  
ENJOYING THE  
BLOWJOB.**

"Gwen," the brunette came back, smiling shyly.

His rod twitched excitedly, and he figured this was the time to make his move.

"You're the prettiest thing I've seen on this beach in a long while," he said.

"Why, thank you?" she beamed.

"Say, a buddy of mine owns that beach house right there. Let's me stay in it while he's in the city. Would you like to come in and get acquainted?"

"Sure," the brunette said, shrugging. "You're kind of cute yourself." Mitchell smiled, holding her sparkling eyes with his own, and then he took a chance and leaned towards her, bestowing a friendly little kiss on her mouth. She didn't

withdraw. Instead, her soft lips parted and she seemed to be asking him for more. Mitch's rod of flesh was now a rod of iron in his trunks, as he took half a step closer to the girl and then pressed his mouth over hers. She responded warmly, bringing her fingertips up to caress his bare chest as she widened the aperture of her mouth.





## HER LIPS TIGHTENED AROUND HIS HARD ORGAN.

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Then they were tongue-kissing, and after a little of that they were walking off hand-in-hand to the beach house.

Mitch wasn't surprised at how easily the chick had fallen into his hands. As

they strolled off, he dropped his hand to her bare waist, then to her ass. He cupped the firm, shapely buttock through the thin white cloth of her bikini bottom,

patting it tenderly. Girls were vulnerable at the beach, almost naked in their bikinis. They showed much more of their bodies than ever they'd dare in street clothes, and he knew that they loved to steal glances at a guy's basket, thrilling to the sight of cock and balls clearly outlined.

A single chick on the sand was an easy pickup. Away from her friends and cohorts at work or home, who knew her or could report her behavior? Excited by her near nudity and his, a lone girl was easy pickings, and this one was no different.

"Hey, this is some place," Gwen said, when she got a look at the inside of the fine beach house.





## **"EAT MY MEAT, HONEY!"**

"Too bad I can't afford one like it," the guy came back. They were standing in a beautiful tile changing room. "You should dry your bikini," he said.

Mitch had slipped in behind the girl, sliding his hands around in front of her. He cupped her large breasts, as if feeling the wetness of her suit. He could hear her sigh, and the warmth of her body aroused him more than before. His dick was like a pencil in his trunks, jabbing out the cloth and poking the pretty young girl in the ass.

"Oh, that feels good," she said. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I should get this top off and let it dry hanging up."

Mitchell undid the girl's top in the back, and she gave a little giggle as she shrugged it off her shoulders. His cock stiffened appreciably at the sight of her smooth bare back. His hands caressed the skin of her upper arms, soft and satiny, and then she had drawn the cups of her bikini top from her plump breasts and tossed it over a towel rack.

Mitch brought his hands to her midriff, enjoying the solid feel of her body and the sleekness of her fine young skin. Then he







slid his hands upwards, finally cupping the quivering globes of her full, womanly tits.

"M-m-m, that DOES feel good," she purred, as his palms cuddled her naked knockers from below and his fingertips tickled the hardening nubbins of her nipples.

Suddenly, she turned, pulling her body away from him. That just made her breasts bounce and sway more enticingly on her chest, and it stiffened Mitch's cock even more. Gwen glanced down at his crotch again, smiling excitedly.

"Your trunks are wet," she said. "You should dry them out." Then she giggled again.

"What about the bottoms of your bikini?" the guy



came back. "They should be hung up too."

"First your trunks."

Mitchell smiled, then hooked his thumbs into the elastic waistband of his jams and slid them down his flat hips. The water-logged trunks dropped abruptly to his ankles, leaving his prick jutting straight out.

Gwen's eyes bulged, and she unconsciously licked her lips with passion. Her knees looked shaky, as she took a lurching step closer to the guy, and then she was kneeling at his feet.

"Looks like Peter needs some attention," Mitch said. "He likes to be petted and kissed."

"Kissing I don't know about," the girl said,

reaching up and gently caressing the taut-skinned cock-head, then gripping the whole rod and pulling it back and forth. She played with the guy's dong for a time, then gasped once and seemed to fall forwards . . . towards his crotch.

The nut-shaped cock-head brushed her lips just once, making the girl blush crimson, but then she went back to it and bestowed a fond kiss on the rounded glans.

"OH, Mitch," Gwen sighed. "It's . . . it's marvelous! I just love it."

Mitch inched his loins forward, laying the head of his dick on the girl's lower lips, then nudging it further in. Gwen

opened her mouth and let the cock slide in. She paused — for just about the count of a heart-beat — and then she took

Mitch's rod all the way into the hot, wet cavern of her mouth. She tightened her lips on the thing, then brought up her tongue to put pressure on the underside. Seconds later she was shifting her head forwards and back, giving a

very good version of an accomplished cock-sucker throwing a guy a plain and fancy blowjob!

O-H-H-H. O-H-H-H.

A-H-H-H. A-H-H-H."

Mitchell moaned, then staggered back to a bench that was covered with big terry towels. He dropped back onto it, as the chick







**HE SQUAT OVER  
HER FACE,  
FEEDING HARD  
COCK TO HER  
GAPING MOUTH.**

followed him, her oval-  
ling lips still tightly  
clamped onto his throbbing  
pecker. At first she  
stood up and bent over  
his lap, her face right  
down to his crotch, but  
then she went to her  
knees again, sucking  
crazily, her head bobbing  
in and out. He had  
stepped out of his wet  
trunks.

Gwen didn't remove her  
mouth from the guy's  
cock till her jaw ached  
and grew stiff.

"G-o-o-osh!" she gasped.  
"That makes your mouth

**THE BRUNETTE  
STRETCHED OUT  
ON THE FLOOR  
TO ENJOY A HOT  
"69."**

hurt . . . when you do it  
too much."

"As far as I'm concerned,  
Mitch grinned, "you  
CAN'T do it TOO much  
. . . at least on me."

Laughing and giving him  
a friendly little slap, the  
brunette rose and slipped  
her fingers into the bot-  
tom of her bikini, then  
began to slide it over her  
smoothly rounded hips.

She shifted her lower





**SHE COVERED  
HIS BODY,  
SUCKING COCK  
AND PRESSING  
CUNT TO HIS  
MOUTH!**

body sensuously as she wriggled out of the tight white bikini, and then she lowered it to her feet. Slipping out of it, she hung it beside her top, then returned to where

Mitch stood gaping at her, his hard-on jutting upwards from his curly patch of pubic hair. Both of them were stark naked now.

Mitch rose, indicating that he wanted the girl to sit on the tile floor, and when she did he squat right over her, lowering the tip of his rod to her lips. She took it in gladly, then began to guzzle his cock with her wet mouth. Mitch was lowering his torso and then raising it by flexing his knees, feeding his prick to her fast-sucking mouth.

Then the guy got her sitting on the bench, and he stood right up on it, dropping his dong down her throat! She gasped, then gagged, but soon she was deep-throating the guy, as he stood over her and bent his knees to lower his hard-on as far into her mouth as she could take it. The guy's skin tingled and the tiny hairs on his naked ass prickled. His nuts tightened and his heartbeat sped up violently. This

was the best cock-sucking he'd ever gotten, and quite a few of the teenaged chicks on the beach had taken him up on his offer to head for the beach house and a little fun!

"M-M-M-M!" Mitch sighed. "That's the way to eat my meat, honey. M-M-M-M-M. A-H-H-H-H!" Mitch felt his whole body melt. It was as if HE were





**"I'M READY.  
FUCK ME! I'M  
READY!"**

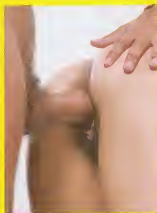
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a giant peter! All he could see was lips . . . the girl's lovely mouth on his dick. Warm sensations flooded his body, then overwhelmed him.

He felt as if he were floating! His legs turning to water, he came down from his standing position, and then he was all over the chick. She was laughing and sputtering with her mouth still on the end of his bone, as he tumbled her to the floor. Gwen ended up on top of the guy, as he stretched out on his back and just reveled in the sensations on the end of his prick. Gwen lay over his body, her mouth clamped to his dick and her bush pressed into his face. Then she was humping up and down too, as if she were fucking his face with her pussy mound. "O-H-H-HHH," Mitch groaned, as the fragrance of pussy juice filled his nostrils. "OH, baby, this is too much!"

The brunette was actually rubbing her cunt on his mouth, shagging it briskly. She was getting herself off, making hot friction on his face with the hump of her cunt. She spread her thighs and clamped her legs onto his head, then speeded up the thrusts of her loins. Mitch could hardly breath, but he





**HIS ROD  
THRUSTED IN  
AND OUT FROM  
BEHIND HER  
WIGGLING ASS.**





was on her back on the tile floor and the surfer was over her. He pressed his mouth to her cuntal mound, digging his tongue in deeper and deeper. The blond beach-god heard the chick moan with pleasure, and then he really did a number on the inside of her pussy with the busy swipes of his tongue. He flattened her inner vaginal lips, then sucked them into his mouth, alternatively flattening them again. He tickled their delicate edges, caressing up and down the petal-like lips with



didn't mind. The girl's lips were blowing a merry tune on his skin flute, sending messages of pure pleasure up his stalk to the rest of his body. His face was emersed in the heat and smell and liquid of her girlish passion, and his whole body was alive with lust.

"Suck it," the girl called out, as she briefly let his dick out of her mouth.

"Come on, man! Suck my cunt real good. I need it. Suck it, man! Suck it!" Then her mouth was back on the end of his prick, and Mitchell ventured to slide his tongue into the moistly warm slit of the girl's pussy. In it went, and he tasted cuntal honey. Her fiery syrup was bittersweet, the pungent emissions of her wonderful little cunt. They twisted and turned in their passion, till SHE





the point of his tongue. Then he searched out her clit! He found it, a tiny nub of sensitive flesh hidden beneath a flap of soft, loose skin.

"OH O-H-H-H. O-H-H-H-H-H-HHHH!!!!"

The girl was going out of her mind with pleasure, and after her mouth jumped off the guy's dick with the first surge of excitement brought on

## **IT WAS A WELL- OILED FUCK-FEST!**



by the contact between his tongue and her clit, she returned her lips to his poker, this time sucking him harder and faster. The two of them were bucking and hump-

ing away on that floor, each one pressing lips and nose to the other's pubic hair.

Finally, the girl could



suck no more. She pulled her mouth off his cock and let her head fall away.

"OH my back!" she groaned. "This floor is too hard."

"Get up on the bench," Mitch said, lifting his wet

face from her snatch. Then he helped her to lie on the towel-padded changing bench, quickly going right back to her cunt. His tongue filled the juicy slot, his lips pressed the reddened pussy lips, and his powerful sucking slurped up





her copious spend. Gwen kicked her feet high in the air above them, exulting with the explosions of sensation that were erupting in her body. She cried out with the orgasmic pleasure of a woman, as Mitch's tongue penetrated her pussy again and again! "O-H-H-H, screw my pussy, hon," the girl moaned. "Screw me now. I'm ready, hon. O-H-H-H-HH!"

The guy lifted his mouth from her cunt, then turned her onto one knee on the towel-covered bench. She braced herself with a foot on the floor, wiggling her ass to gain his attention.

Mitch's hard-on was rigid. The sight of the girl's naked backside, pear-shaped and pink, roused his lust something fantastic. He stuck his thick bone between the halves of her ass, finding the slit of her pussy from the rear.

Then, as she dug her knee into the covering of towels, the blond surfer took her by the waist and began to pound his dick in and out.

Gradually, Gwen slipped to the floor. Placing a terry towel beneath her knees, Mitch kept his pecker buried in her pussy from behind. She had both hands on the bench now, steadying herself, as he ripped his cock in and out of her twat.

## HE THREW HER A DOG-STYLE FUCK.

"Harder!" the girl begged. "Screw me hard, Mitch! OH! Screw me as hard as you can. That's it! Screw me good. OH! Harder! Harder!

H-a-a-a-arderrr!!!!"

He was ramming his rod in and out of her tightly grasping snatch from the rear, punishing her with his driving thrusts. Her smoothly rounded ass banged his loins with each powerful stroke, as he fucked her as fast as he could.

"O-h-h-h-hhh!" she moaned. "I'm creaming! OH! My cunt's creaming! OH! OH! O-H-H-HHH!!!" She fell to the floor and rolled over, the guy staying right with her. She was on her side, writhing and squirming, as he plugged tightly in behind her. He lay on HIS side too, his naked ass stabbing the air behind him as he banged her repeatedly. Then she went limp, and as she rolled to her stomach, her cunt went slack and the guy's dong finally slid out.

"Ready for more?" Mitch asked after a time, as he helped the girl to her feet.

"I don't know," she said, glassy-eyed and sporting a dazed look on her face. "Let me put some of this on you," Mitch smiled, lifting a large plastic bot-



tle of suntan oil. "It's very sensuous. It makes you feel good all over . . . when I apply it to your skin."

The girl grinned suspiciously, but then giggled her girlish laugh as he squirted some of the oil all over her chest and then began to smear her breasts with the stuff. It looked to him as if she were really getting turned on again, as his palms caressed her bouncing boobs and his fingertips tickled her nipples.



**SHE SUCKED  
HIS OIL-COATED  
COCK.**

**HE  
MASTURBATED  
TILL HE  
SPURTED JISM  
ALL OVER HER  
BELLY.**



**"GIVE ME A  
COME BATH,  
MITCH."**



"Let me do it to you," she said, then squirted a lot of the sticky stuff on HIS chest.

They quickly massaged the suntain oll all over each other's bodies, and both his rod and her nipples were quickly standing on end. Bending over

the bench that was between them, the brunette gave a twitch of her well oiled backside and invited him to stick his cock in once again. Mitch obliged, coming around behind her to stab her cunt with his hard cock. He fucked her like that for some time, thrusting swiftly in and out.

"Give me another blowjob," he said, after he grew weary of thrusting.

"Suck it real good." He pulled his prick from her pussy and lay on the bench, rod straight up in the air. The girl went for it, all right, standing over him and bending down to slide her lips over the helmet-shaped tip of his dick. Then her face was riding up and down, his bone filling her mouth and distending her lips. Mitch just lay back and thrilled to the job she was doing on his rod, as the spittle-slickened organ disappeared into her sucking mouth and reappeared with rhythmic regularity.

"Give me a come bath," the girl said, when she finally lifted her mouth off his dick.

"A WHAT?!"

"Come on. You know," she said, blushing and grinning broadly. "Cream

on my titties. Come on. Play with yourself and make it go all over my tits."

"Well, okay I guess,"

Mitch said cautiously as he rose from the bench. "I haven't played with my

## **SHE TOOK HIS COME- SQUIRTING COCK RIGHT INTO HER MOUTH!**

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dick for some time, you know, but okay . . . if it's what you want."

Then the naked chick was on her back on the bench and the blond surfer was standing between her legs. He whipped his prick good, looking down at her gleaming body, her skin evenly coated with the suntain oil. Her breasts quivered and shook, as she breathed deeply and sighed with excitement. Then he saw that she was coming . . . and he began to come too! He shot off over her, droplets dotting her belly. She jumped up at the sight — and the feel of come raining on her skin — wolfing her mouth onto his spurting dick to gulp down a couple of squirts!

Then, finally satisfied, the girl fell back . . . jism smeared all over her lips and cheek. She was a surfer groupie, and she'd gotten what she came to the beach for . . . a handsome blond Adonis . . . a big cock . . . and a bath in syrupy come! As for Mitch, it was just a typical day for him. The chicks never get enough of those surfer guys and their hard cocks!







*Naked and sun-tanned,  
they romped on the tile floor  
of the beach house!*



The sweet little blonde cheerleader drove all the boys wild . . . but she wouldn't put out for any of them. A senior in high school, she was on her way to class when her dad's car ran out of gas. One of the guys from the football squad happened along, and helped her out. When she gave him a friendly kiss in thanks, the sparks flew!

Her fresh white panties grew moist with excitement beneath her cheerleader's skirt . . . and the hotly aroused young guy got a stiff hard-on in his pants. They decided to forget about school, and headed for his house. The kid's parents were out for the day, and they were all alone! The blonde couldn't get her eyes off the lump in the guy's trousers, and when he unzipped his fly and showed her his prick, she forgot all about her intention of remaining a virgin till she got married.

The young man talked her into playing with his dick, then putting



it into her mouth. She didn't think she'd like it at first . . . but she did! In fact, the cute little blonde high school cheerleader couldn't get enough of the football player's cock, and when he pulled down her panties to play with her pussy she begged him to fuck her!

They never did get to class that day. They took off all their clothes and had a party instead. The girl ended up with creamy jism all over her face and cunt . . . and THAT gave her something to cheer about!



# "Young and Open!"



**Holden couldn't believe his luck. The cutest chick on the cheerleading squad needed his help. She'd run out of gas on her way to school, and he was quick to go and fetch a gallon can of petrol for her at the nearest**

**service station. As he pured the gasoline into the tank of her father's car, he couldn't help glancing over at the blonde.**

**She was the best looking girl in school, no doubt about it. Her long blonde hair was in two pigtails, each**

**tied with a pink bow, and her cheerleader outfit showed off her nifty figure: a pair of uptilted knockers, firm and pointy, not to mention a curvy little ass and smooth, shapely legs. As the last of the gas**

*Her lips slid over his aching hard-on.*

**gurgled into the tank, Holden felt his prick turn stiff in his pants, heating the skin of his thigh as the damned thing inched down under his pants leg.**

**"That's about it, Cathy," he said, lifting the can. "Car oughta run now."**

**"OH, I'm so glad!" the blonde gushed. "I thought something was wrong with the car. I thought maybe I DID something. I'm SO happy!"**

**As she said that, she threw her arms around Holden, giving him a big kiss. The guy turned toward her, feeling the heat rise in his face and travel still further down his thigh in the form of his fully hardening dick. He tried to say something, but the words caught in his throat. To cover for himself, he slid his hands around the slender waistline of the beautiful young cheerleader, then returned her kiss. HIS lips pressed harder, opened wider and lingered**



**longer on the lovely babe's hot mouth. Then, he pressed her body closer to his, till the two of them were linked in an erotic embrace.**

**When their mouths came away from each other, he found that words were finally coming.**

**"How 'bout giving me a life?" he said in a voice that came out low and seductive despite**







his agitation. "Let's go over to my place. Folks are out all day. C'mon, you know, cut classes and have some fun."

A mischievous smile spread slowly across the darling features of the pretty senior, and after she gulped once her reply was to nod in the affirmative. Holden smiled too,





*"Tootle my skin flute, baby."*



and seconds later they were in the car and barreling over to his place. After parking in the garage, the two of them went inside and wound up sitting side-by-side on the fancy brown velvet couch in the big living room.

Holden already had his arm around the girl, when she made a move. Her lips quivered as they parted, then found his startled mouth. She was some hot little piece of pussy, the guy thought, as his hard-on twitch in his white duck pants. **SHE REALLY DIGS KISSING!** When the kiss broke off, Cathy was giggling. Her face was pink and her eyes danced.

Holden found his heart pounding, and he didn't want to lose the advantage of the moment. How far could he go with this lovely creature, the prettiest girl in his class? Taking a chance, he dropped his hand to her hip,

smoothing down over the curving contour. Cathy didn't pull away. She just sighed.

As she rolled towards him, onto the opposite hip, his hand traveled down still further, passing the lower hem of her short skirt and finding flawlessly smooth thigh flesh. He gently caressed the fine skin, then brought his hands upwards again, this time sliding **UNDERNEATH** the pleated skirt of her cheerleader's uniform.

"O-H-H-H," the girl gasped, and her head lolled over so that it was lying against his shoulder. He moved his own head, nudging hers, then slid his hand around so that he was actually cupping one of her ass cheeks.

**OH CHRIST!** His hand felt the satiny fabric of the girl's underpants! Holden's heart stopped, then started up again, as he took a hard swallow. His cock had turned to cast iron in his pants, the damned thing rising and straining upwards against the cloth. He was

holding Cathy by the backside! . . . right under her skirt! He couldn't believe it.

"M-M-M-M-M," the girl moaned, closing her eyes and smiling and

nestling her head into the hollow between his neck and shoulder. She seemed to be encouraging him to do more. Holden

gave the girl's buttock a squeeze, then a friendly pat. When he did **THAT**, the bundle cuddling up to him let



"O-k-k-k, you're pulling down my panties!"



out a giggly laugh, turning over still further so that now she lay almost on her front. She reached up and tweaked his cheek,

then shifted her body so that her head was across his chest and she was almost lying over his lap.

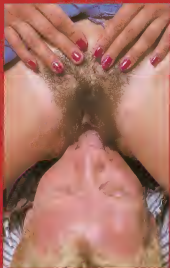
"You want to play, eh?" he managed to say, his whole body turning liquid with excitement. Lifting the hand that was

under her short skirt, he flipped it over her cutely shaped little can. That gave him a



In a frenzy, she got over him and pressed her wet cunt to his mouth.





*His cock eased in and out of her mouth.*



perfect view of her behind, covered as it was by her snowy white panties. The sight of her pink ass cheeks, peeking out on both sides of the girlishly white panties sent a jolt through the young guy's body. Holden considered himself a pretty good makeout artist among his buddies at school and on the football squad, but he was still a virgin, and he'd never seen a girl in her under-panties before.

Wildly aroused, he ran his palm all over her backside, feeling the silkiness of the panties and the smoothness of the skin. Then, his hard-on threatening to burst out of his pants, the excited youth gave the perfectly formed little backside a sharp spank. The flesh jiggled enticingly, and the girl let out a little sigh. Holden spanked her again, then a couple of times harder, till the chick gasped and twittered on his lap, twisting a bit from side to side.







## He yanked her pigtail, then drove his cock home!

**"OH, I like that," she admitted. "IT'S REALLY EXCITING!"**

The guy whacked her butt a few more times with the flat of his hand, then seemed to go into a frenzy. He pressed his face to her behind, turning back and forth so that he rolled first one cheek then the other over the slippery sleekness of her panties, then pressed his cheek fondly to one of her buttocks where it stuck out beyond the cloth of her undie. His hard-on was really urgent now, a hot stick of flesh in his pants.

His tongue slid out and he dared to lick the wonderful flesh of her butt, tickling it with the tongue-tip and then wetting it all over with his spittle. On his lap, Cathy was just lying still now, breathing heavily, her face down to the cushions of the couch. Her thighs were pressed together, her legs naked from



beneath the white panties all the way down to the royal blue sweat socks of her cheerleading uniform.

Holden guessed that she was as passionately aroused as he was.

That's when he took another chance. Some of the guys had told him about "petting below the belt," where the girl plays with your dick . . . and maybe, if you're lucky . . . you get to see her pussy and fiddle with it. The football player lifted the cheerleader and set her upright beside him on the couch, then rose to his feet.

"Look at this," he said bluntly, pointing down to the lump formed by his hard-on in his slacks. "It's really hard."

As Holden spoke, he flexed the muscle at the base of his prick, causing it to rise against the cloth of his trousers, then fall and rise again. He made it throb, tenting out the front of his pants. Cathy's eyes bulged. He knew the teenaged cutie had never seen a guy's rod, and she







*His tingling rod slid into the tightly grasping pussy.*



*just might be willing to go that far with him.*

*"OH MY!" the blonde managed to say. "Is that your*

*THING?!"*

*"It's not a Bic Click," Holden came back. "You can unzip my fly if*



*Smooth strokes thrilled her hot cunt.*



**you'd like and take a look at him. He likes girls to play with him."**

**A hotly aroused smile came across the chick's flushed face, and her hands darted out as if with a will of**

**their own. Then, nervously, she was unzipping the kid's fly. He helped her by unbuckling his belt, and then she gently tugged his pants down a ways.**

**"O-H-H-H-H!" The blonde let out a long moan of**

had fallen open, and she was clearly admiring the shape of the cock-head.

"Go ahead," he urged. "Play with it . . . if you'd like."

She did. The lovely little teenaged cheer-

leader gingerly traced the shape of the cock-head with her quivering fingertips, letting out little gasps of excitement. Then she was stroking the whole long rod,

finally bringing it close to her face. She smelled his dick, getting the sharp pungency of a young man's sexual arousal. That seemed to trigger something in her, because without



approval. Holden's rod had jumped out and sprung upwards, the shaft now straight as an arrow, the head pink and swollen and smooth-skinned.

Cathy's mouth



warning she brushed the blunt face of the cock-tip with her incredibly soft lips.

An electric shock went through Holden's body, as the babe began to kiss his cock-head. Then she parted her lips a little more and slid them partway over the knob.

"Go ahead," he said in a husky voice. "DO IT! PLEASE! O-H-H-H-H!"

She did that too! Cathy worked her lips over the whole cock-head, then pinched off the slightly smaller shaft. After a pause, during which she gulped hard, the girl brought her tightly ovalling lips to the root of Holden's cock-shaft, and then — as he began to groan with real passion — she began a rhythmic stroking, up and back, sucking on his pecker as if she'd been doing it all her life.

Things happened fast after that, crazy wild things. When the girl took her mouth off his wet prong, she rose and turned with her back to him, then



bent and raised her skirt.

"Rub it against my ass," she cooed, so excited he could sense her pussy was leaking juice into the crotch of her panties.

He did as she asked, poking his dick against her backside, working the head around over the slickness of her panties. She giggled crazily, and when she staggered back to the couch and fell into it, Holden followed. He boldly pulled down her panties, his prick sticking straight up from his lap. The girl was laughing crazily, as she reached down and took her underpants off her feet. Eying his hard cock, she grabbed for it, wrapping her panties around it





## *The fucking couple curled up in the soft easy chair.*

and then tightening it in her fist. As the guy sat back moaning, the girl began to masturbate him with her satiny panties, up and down, up and down, hardening and thickening his pole more than he ever thought it could get.

"I did you," she finally said, "... with my mouth. Now ... don't you think it's time you did me?"

As the girl spoke, she raised her little cheerleader's skirt all the way up and spread her legs so wide apart that as Holden bent over on the couch and looked up between her thighs he caught a glimpse of the triangular patch of her girlishly soft pubic hair. He scrambled to his knees on the carpeted floor at her feet, pressing in between her legs. Then, as he caught a whiff of her womanly desire, steaming up from the hot slit between her thighs, he plunged



his face in there. His lips caressed the lips of her cunt and his tongue delved inside, tasting the pungency of her pussy juice. Then he was licking and sucking, and the girl leaned back on the couch, moaning and groaning.

He was doing it! He was eating her box!

Holden felt as if he was in a dream ... A WET DREAM! He had actually gotten one of the cheerleaders out of her underpan-



ties, and not only had he seen her pussy . . . and touched . . . he was kissing and sucking on it. This was better than just FIDDLING with a girl's snatch. This was heaven! As he licked away inside the cute girl's pussy, he wondered: would she let him go all the way? Would Cathy let him fuck her today?!

Seconds later, he had his answer. The blonde had shed her skirt and was kneeling on the couch, joking and laughing. Naked except for his shirt, Holden got behind her, giving one of her long pigtails a yank. She wiggled her naked backside, tantalizing him, then DARED him to poke his prick into the moist pink slit of her pussy that he could see staring him in the face from the rear. He went for it, cock first, spearing her with a single driving movement that dispensed with her cherry and filled the tight tunnel of her cunt.

Before he even knew it, Holden was no longer a virgin himself. He







was fucking away at the cute little cheerleader's snug, warm little pussy. He was screwing her! HE WAS FUCKING CATHY!

The sleeveless top of her uniform was bunched up above her girlish little bosom and her charming young breasts were jiggling with the buffeting she was taking from the rear. The girl never wavered, and after she and Holden ate each other's genitals — sixty-nine fashion — on the couch,

Soft lips cuddled his throbbing prick.



she lay back on the floor and let him fuck her again. Then she begged to get it doggie-style once more, so he pulled her to her knees and plugged into her pussy from the rear as she knelt there on the carpet!

Now the young couple was screwing uninhibitedly, as if they'd been boffing together for years! The girl kicked off her sneakers, but left on her woolly socks; the guy was naked. They went to a handsome black easy chair, Holden's favorite, tumbling into it together.

"They say fucking in a chair is more intimate than in a bed," he said. "The two of us have to really curl up together."

"Let me get a towel," the girl smiled. "Before you . . . y'know . . . before you DO something all over this nice chair of your dad's."

She went into the bathroom, then came out with a big terry towel, which she carefully draped over the chair. Then she sat on it, spreading

her legs and slouching way back.

"Eat my twat!" she said bluntly, enjoying the words. She held the lips of her sweet young pussy wide open.

Holden knelt on the floor and pressed his lips to her cunt once again, licking all around inside it till the juices were flowing. Then he

"OH! I'm having an orgasm!







*Cuddling into his lap*

*He ate her soft, moist little pussy.*

**got her on her hands and knees along the seat cushion of the chair, giving her a friendly slap on the rump.**

**"This is the master's chair," he said. "Only the royal master sits here."**

**She laughed, letting him slide in beneath her, and then she settled down into his lap. Reaching beneath herself, she found his cock and commenced fiddling with it. Getting him hard, the girl slid his dick into the slot of her pussy, then worked her whole body up and down, fucking away. They were at**



he fucked him gently.



It like that for a good, long time, thrilling to the cozi-ness of their posi-tion in the soft easy chair, till the guy wanted her sucking his prick once again.

He rose, lifting her off his lap and setting her on her knees on the floor, and then he stood over her, pretend-ing she was his slave and demand-ing that she suck his prick.

"C'mon, girl. Too-tle my skin flute a little. C'mon. Blow a merry tune on it, girl."

She tried to keep from laughing, as she slid her lips over the bloated head of the guy's rod, then tightened them and began riding up and back along the hard stalk. She had him good and hard, and he drew his wet dick slowly from her mouth to make sure she didn't go TOO far. He didn't want to shoot his load and lose out on her pussy. Instead, he



got her in that kneeling posture on the chair again, but this time after he gave her a friendly rap on the bare rump he followed it with a stiff cock up her twat from behind!

"OH!" the girl cried out, as he thrust away. "OH! OH! OH! I think I'm coming off now, Holden. OH yes! I'm having an orgasm. OH! OH! O-H-H-H-HHHH!!! I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm c-o-o-o-omingggg!!!!"

He kept thrusting, till she fell forwards, almost off the chair. She looked exhausted to Holden, played out. His still rod was begging for attention and his tight nuts for release. Getting another terry towel from the bathroom, similar to the one the girl lay lying over on the chair, he lay it out on the carpet to keep from getting his jism all over the place. Then . . . he roused Cathy.

"Will you suck me off?" he asked. "I mean, suck my dick till I shoot off?"

She looked up at him, a sleepy expression on her

face. Then, slowly, a smile began to play along her tender lips.

"I will," she said. "But don't cream in

my mouth . . .

**PLEASE!** A girl at school told me about that. It tastes terrible. Cream all over my

body though, on my pussy and all over my face. Okay?"

**"Cream all over my body!"**



Holden nodded, then guided the girl to her back on the towel he'd laid on the floor. He stepped over her,



one foot on each side of her chest. Then . . . he stooped down, aiming the tip of his hard cock for the parted slot between her wonderful lips. He eased his cock-head into her mouth, then began to slide it gently in and out. She increased the tension on his dick, and he picked up the pace.

Soon his dick was gliding in and out of her tightly ovalled mouth. **HE WAS FUCKING HER FACE!** In and out he rammed his throbbing boner, and the girl writhed sensuously on the towel, thrilling to every bit of the pounding her mouth was receiving.

"Here I come!" he called out, by way of warning.

"Here I c-o-o-me!"

She got her lips off his cock-head just in time, because Holden's syrupy semen was soon flying in droplets all over her face.

"O-H-H-H, I LOVE IT!" the girl laughed. She was grinning from ear to ear, gleaming come all over her chin.



*He splashed semen all over her face.*







*Cock-cream dripped from her chin.*







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